

# LEARNING ART of DECEPTION



Women as Well as Men Are Now Trained as Camoufleurs for Service With the United States Army

RECENT orders of the government to the engineering department of the United States army to stop enlisting men as camoufleurs in a special camouflage division ends a chapter in military camouflage in America. A little more than a year ago it was doubtful whether or not the army would have any great use for camoufleurs in the forces abroad. By the recent decree military camouflage is made an essential in every regiment, like engineering, trench digging, map making, road building, and sharpshooting. There are now, according to military camoufleurs in New York city, about 500 expert camoufleurs abroad with the Pershing forces. The new order makes it necessary for each regiment in every training camp on this side to have at least 16 camoufleurs to train other men in the new art of camouflage. Whence will these new camoufleurs come? Who is to make them proficient, when even the best-trained "old" military and naval men admit ignorance?

Until the airplane came in the cavalry was the scouting arm of the army, says a writer in New York Times. Now a large part of the cavalry of the United States army has been dismounted and put to machine guns. The airman is the scout. This was the chief factor in raising camoufleurs to its present rank of importance. A mounted scout could scarcely be deceived by artificial camouflage. Now the scout passing at heights of about 1,500 feet cannot tell whether the camouflage, if clever, is artificial. His kodak, however, is not so easy to fool. It will record many things which escape the eye.

For that reason lights and shades, depressions and knolls in the terrain, and shadows have to be carefully studied by the military camoufleur. That makes it necessary for him to know shade and tone value as they register on the eye of the birdman and on the camera lens.

Under the instruction of Lieut. H. Ledyard Towle of the Seventy-first Infantry is the New York division of military camouflage. In which the men belong to the new National army and wear the uniform and insignia of the engineers, and on the sleeve the letters "M. C."—Military Camoufleur. They include landscape gardeners, artists, miniature painters, portrait painters, photographers, woodworkers, mural decorators, draftsmen, and engineers. It is probable that these men will be used to instruct the various regiments in military camouflage.

## Methods of Teaching.

An observer need only follow these camoufleurs to the 60-acre tract which the city of Yonkers donated to Lieutenant Towle for camoufleur work, or into their great classroom in New York city, to get an idea of the chief methods of teaching the value of depressions, color values, lights and shades, and locations. There are adjustable wires that tilt the miniature terrain boards to just the desired slant, so that the soldier can view them from the angle of a sharpshooter, as if from an airplane, from the rear or from in front. Gauzy curtains create an illusion of various lights at different hours. Thus light blue curtains make the twilight just before dawn. Light rose and blue and yellow make dawn, noonday, and dusk curtains the evening.

From 1,500 feet telephone poles, camouflaged, disappear. Dugouts with a path crossing over the roof are like the side of the hill. Even the gray, blue and red calisson wagon moving along the road is a blur of color. Canvases in triangular shape tied to

the foot of the telephone poles, outward and on both sides, conceal the road. To an observer on foot or in the air at a thousand feet the hill looks deserted—an almost treeless plain with no distinguishing feature save a neglected old path. Yet that hillside harbors six dugouts, several observation and listening posts, men, cannon, machine guns, and a network of telephone wires.

Beyond Yonkers there are trench sections with "No Man's Land" and its barbed wire entanglements and dugouts. The trenches are dug so deep that the heads of the men do not show above the surface, and the sod removed to dig them is replaced. The openings of the dugouts of the trenches are not, as is sometimes supposed, far behind the trenches. They are in the trenches with the entrance on the enemy side. Bombs may fall in the mouth of the dugout, but seldom inside.

"The obvious is sometimes as good as the invisible," Lieutenant Towle said recently. "For instance, the famous dummy fleet the British used. Another camouflage to which the Germans were dupes was a red cannon, scantily camouflaged, placed by the British at the summit of a hill. The cannon was visible to every German scout flying over it, but it seemed so obviously a fake that not a single enemy bomb was dropped on it. Yet it held its position for a long time, and at night poured its stream of fire into the enemy."

"The same idea is carried out by the American camoufleurs, who model dummy men and guns for decoys. The enemy air scout sees a partly camouflaged cannon or machine gun with its men bending over it at work and the smoke pouring from its nozzle intermittently. He cannot see, completely hidden from view, a real cannon whose men are firing a deadly volley from under cover, and whose ammunition comes to them through tunnels."

"Such experiments are being made by the military camoufleurs at Yonkers. There are other tricks to be learned, for they also do their own painting of army equipment before using it. Although an ambulance or army truck may not be entirely invisible on account of the various backgrounds it must pass, it can be motioned into a very poor target. In motion it will appear as a blur caused by heat rays, for it is mottled in the colors whose values constitute colors which the sun's rays would make."

## Natural Camouflage Discarded.

At first natural camouflage was used almost entirely. A clump of trees and brush hid a whole machine gun company, a group of rocks harbored a listening post, and a deserted mill might hold a regiment. But the enemy has learned that even the "trees and stones hear," and a natural camouflaged refuge is never safe wholly from air attack now. The most innocent seeming object is nevertheless an "object," and therefore a target for the scout, whereas a perfectly smooth hillside, with no distinguishing marks, may be almost entirely undetected, and yet not arouse suspicion.

Lieutenant Towle's men learn cam-

ouflage from the defensive and offensive points of view—how to advance under cover and how to defend themselves under cover. They have invented scouting and camoufleurs' sharpshooters' suits which, when worn by the soldier, make him appear like a bit of the landscape, as a boulder, a log, a stump, or a part of the foliage of a tree.

## Women Being Trained.

American women camoufleurs are being trained according to the same method as the men, under the Women's League for National Service and under Lieutenant Towle. Discussing their work, he said:

"There isn't any reason why the women shouldn't do as well as the men as camoufleurs—that is, in making the materials behind the lines. It isn't heavy work, but it demands ingenious workers, skilled in details."

Tryon Hall, the old C. K. G. Billings place on Washington Heights, bought by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to be given, ultimately, to the city for a park, is the spot chosen for the practical experimental work by the women. Hither they go with Lieutenant Towle to try out their camouflage suits and be photographed, wearing them, in different positions, to see that they blend with different colors of the landscape and would be invisible to the enemy not only on the firing line but on the plates of the enemy photographer.

This is the most serious work that has been undertaken under the auspices of the National League for Woman's Service. The members of the camouflage corps, of whom there are about 40, confidently expect to cross the water to assist in the camouflage work at which English and French women are already busy.

They will not be accepted by the government as regular workers and enlisted for the service until they have completed their training and shown that they have made good, but the fact that Lieutenant Towle is on leave in order to instruct them is sufficient proof that their work will be considered.

## No Age Limit for Women.

There is no age limit, up or down, for women joining the corps, but each member must have had some practical technical training before she joins. This keeps from the corps very young girls. The members are young women who are self-supporting. They are artists, architects, metal workers, wood carvers, photographers, etc. It is an exceptionally versatile and responsible group. They take a three months' course under Lieutenant Towle.

Each member of the class makes and develops her own camouflage suit, according to her own ideas, with the foundation of instruction that she has received. Suits as they have been constructed by the girls so far are in one piece, like a diver's suit, with a hood covering the head. A human face shows white in the distance and the corps is experimenting with veils as face coverings.

Earth brown is the usual foundation color, and upon this go yellows, greens, grays, and splashes of black.

## Pottery the Oldest Art.

Pottery is the oldest, the longest and most widely diffused of all human arts. Its history, if recorded, would be as old as the history of man; its recorded history begins with the building of the tower of Babel. The oldest pottery known is Egyptian, but every people, civilized or barbarian, has practiced the art in one or another form. All study in every department of art begins at a period not long after the Mesolithic deluge, but pottery is the earliest of all forms of art.

## CHARITY WELL WORTH WHILE

How Tennessee Community Built House and Presented It to Poor but Deserving Widow.

You are all familiar with the story of "the house that Jack built." But I wish to tell you of a house that neighbors built in a small town in the South, says a writer in Christian Herald.

It was obvious to this community that if a certain family only had a home, they could be self-supporting; while, as it was, every cent they earned went for rent.

Two kind, practical men took the matter up and evolved a plan whereby such a home could be made by small contributions, no burden being placed on any one. Personal calls were begun, and help solicited, consisting of money, material or labor. So hearty was the response that within a month a lot was purchased, then a three-room house with two porches was erected, outhouses for cow and chickens were built, a garden fenced, and a well bored, with windlass set up. Good material was used—concrete foundation, and brick flue and chimney. The lot had been set in fruit trees when bought, so there was a ready-made orchard. And when the painter was through with the buildings an insurance agent gave a three-year policy in case of fire. Every bit of the labor was voluntary work.

The most eager helpers, however, were the men who went in wagons to move the family home. The matter had been kept secret from them, and you can imagine their surprise and joy. They were a little black-eyed widow and three children, whom misfortune had pursued relentlessly for many sad months. In their new home they were very happy, and this made it all immensely worth while.

Now this didn't happen just before Thanksgiving or Christmas, but during the blazing hot days of midsummer, when "sunny" Tennessee was a burning reality.

## RAISING FOXES IN ALASKA

Animals Are Bred There for Their Fur, and the Industry Is a Remunerative One.

There are ten or twelve fox farms in Alaska. One of them, situated in the Tanana valley, a mile and a half from Fairbanks, consists of ten acres of cleared land, the greater part of which is covered with pens in which the animals live. From a distance the fox farm looks like a huge chicken yard, with walls of woven wire and enclosures of various sizes inside. Each pen is 50 feet long, 8 feet wide and about 10 feet high. The wire is tough steel and is sunk about four feet in the ground and is then bent so that it runs inward underground for about two feet to prevent the foxes from digging out. At the top the wire has an overhang of two feet to prevent the captives from climbing over. Each pen has a kennel made of boards, like a dog kennel, the entrance to which is a chute or a wooden pipe a foot square. Only one pair of foxes live in each pen. They are very timid and have to be handled carefully. Most of the fox farmers will not allow strangers to enter their property for fear they will frighten the animals. The foxes are fed with salmon, moose meat, horse meat, rabbits, carrots and turnips. A common feed is rice and rabbits cooked together in a stew.

## Saints at Earthly Courts.

They tell a tale of two great saints at court, one a Dominican, one a Franciscan. The king of France had the honor to entertain the angel of the schools at dinner, once upon a time. Never a word spoke he, nor morsel ate. His eyes were fixed on the opposite wall, while his mind followed out a train of thought to its conclusion; then followed a mighty thump on the table, and an exclamation: "Now that is conclusive against the Manichaeans!" St. Bonaventura sat at such a banquet, gazing intently upon the queen. The king said: "Good Brother Bonaventura, what thinkest thou?" To whom the Franciscan said: "Ah, sire, I think, if the beauty of an earthly monarch be so great, what must be the beauty of the Queen of Heaven!"

## The Congressional Globe.

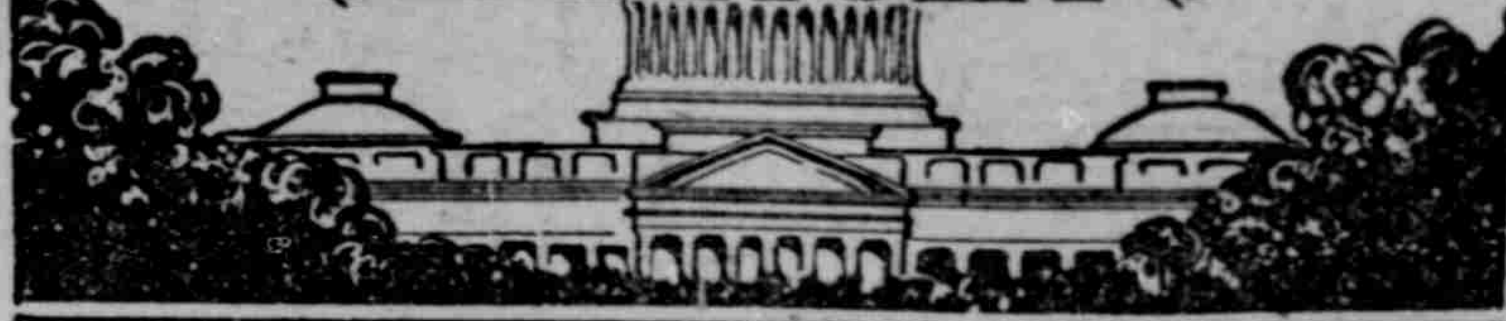
The old Congressional Globe was merged and name changed in 1873 to the Congressional Record, which is issued daily during the sessions of congress. Each member of both houses of congress is supplied with a certain number of the daily issues, and it is also furnished to subscribers for \$8 during the long session of congress and \$4 during the short session. The superintendent of documents, United States government printing office, Washington, is authorized to sell public documents at cost, and on application that official will furnish, free of charge, price lists showing, under topical headings, the publications available for sale.

## Praying and Doing.

Lord Palmerston—"Pam" as he was affectionately termed by his friends—was one of the shrewdest statesmen that ever lived. When petitioned by the Scotch clergy to appoint a day for fasting and prayer, so that a threatened epidemic of cholera might be averted, he replied:

"Clean your streets, keep your homes clean, promote cleanliness and health among the poor, see that they are plentifully supplied with good food and clothing, and employ rigid sanitary measures generally, and you will have no occasion to fast and pray, nor will the Lord hear your prayer while these his preventors remain unheeded."

# WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



## Outdoor Church Services Popular at Capital

WASHINGTON.—Washington's latest churchgoing is out of doors. At frescoed vespers on the ellipse back of the White House grounds were held last Sunday at five and will occur regularly until October. The district war camp community service is in charge and the navy band provides the music. Clergymen from all denominations make addresses, while the congregation, drawn from every state and all ages and conditions of war workers, constitutes the choir.

These outdoor services offer many amusing incidents. Prayerful posture with bended head disappears when the birdmen cut capers in the sky directly over the preacher. The drone of the biplane drowns the minister's voice, and whispers of "Look, oh, look! a nose dive—now he's righted himself"—interfere with the dominie's exhortations.

The religious character of these Sunday afternoons was repeatedly stressed by the earnest young man in charge, probably because the social and sentimental side stuck out so prominently. Pretty heads resting on manly shoulders, furtive handclaps—notes thrown from a group of sailors to a bunch of giggling girls—spurs entangled with fluffy petticoats—with the big congregation sitting around on the grass, it's natural enough that pious manners displace proper church behavior.

Washington is a city crowded with unattached males and females, boys training at the navy yard or at Camp Meigs and Washington university—girls from every city and hamlet. They are the nicest, cleanest, happiest young people in the world, a slice of young America which is neither the upper nor the lower crust, but they're lonesome and bored in their few leisure moments and want to play together.

## How the "Boys" Outwitted the Commanding Officer

A TROOP train stopped at Laurel, Md., one morning not so long ago. On that train were hundreds of Washington boys. The commanding officer, fearing that his train would be besieged by thousands of relatives if they stopped in Union station, had the train go through to Laurel, and there rest.



It was an all-day wait, too. The boys felt pretty much cut up about being deprived of the opportunity of seeing their folks, but, of course, they said nothing.

They just did something. Nobody can get ahead of American soldiers—not even the commanding officer!

The major or colonel, or whatever rank he was, I have forgotten, was just congratulating himself on his sagacity, when the first relative from the national capital put in appearance.

"Just chance," thought the commanding officer. Then relatives began to stream into Laurel from Washington by the score, in flocks, in droves. They came in automobiles, buggies, wagons and on foot. They came all afternoon. The boys and their folks had a great time.

I'll bet to this day the commanding officer doesn't know how the men worked it. But here is the way it was done:

Two of the men decided they were going to see their relatives. Once they had determined that much, the rest was easy.

They hopped a freight back to Washington.

When they hit Union station they made for the telephone, called up their own people and told them that the train would be at Laurel all day, and instructed them to notify friends. Then they tackled the telephones again. Between them they called up the relatives of nearly every man on the train and told them where they could see their boy on his way to France.

Then they hopped another freight back to Laurel.

No wonder the Yanks are going through to Berlin!

## Ride on Drawspan Recommended as Novel Thrill

YOU may have taken rides in airplanes, tanks, battleships, automobiles, Y choo-choos, etc., but unless you have swung around on Capt. Robert L. Tillert's "craft" you have missed a mild thrill. Tillert's "craft" is the drawspan of the Highway bridge. He is the senior operator and vessels which have to wait for the draw have to wait on Tillert. He doesn't keep them waiting very long.

There is a tremendous toot, a great grinding and the draw begins to operate. You are standing talking to the captain, when you feel the iron bar against which you were easily leaning begin to revolve. It revolves calmly, pleasantly, brushing you aside, as it were. But when you feel it revolving you jump as if you were shot, and nearly fall out the window into the river. Captain Tillert gesticulates at you, waving one arm. The draw is now well out over the river.

"What does he mean?" you wonder, looking wildly about. "Does he want me to jump out the window?"

The captain keeps on waving his arm at you. You step to the door and look out. You see the great gap in the bridge, and on the other side the gates down and a policeman holding back automobiles.

Then it dawns upon you that the captain is merely trying to get you to a point of vantage, where you may watch the operation of the draw. So you stand at attention, while the great span screeches, the tug goes through and the span slides back into the bridge once more.

It's a novel five-minute ride.

## Women Passengers Had Misjudged the Fat Man

THE car came to a sudden stop with the grinding noise that means the wheels have slipped the track. The motorman jumped out. The conductor and man passengers followed suit, and every last woman poked her head out of the window on the trouble side.



Only one passenger kept his place. He was a fat man with two chins and the symptoms of a third. He just sat there and smiled complacently as if the only thought he had in this world was of the good breakfast he had eaten and the good dinner that was to come.

You will have your thoughts! And if you are a woman you are bound to put them in words, which accounts for one market-basket lady saying to her companion of the shopping bag:

"I'd like to have an even dozen husbands like that—with one over for good measure."

"One would be an overdose for me. But that fellow's no marryin' man! He's too set on his own good times to let himself down to any one woman. Bet he's a fast flyer, all right."

But he wasn't a fast flyer, for just then a husky black man came to the fat passenger put an arm around him, lifted him up, gave him a crutch and half carried him from the car. And the fat passenger accepted his own helplessness with the docility of a good, but not overbright child.

We are all right, women dear, take us by and large, but—When we stop our criticizing of people and things we know nothing about this world will be wearing wigs.

## INTERESTING ITEMS

Crops of corn are being burned in Argentina because of a lack of ships in which to export the cereal.

Losses from fire in the United States increased over \$40,000,000 last year, due to war conditions and the speeding up of industries.

The anthracite coal strike of 1902 began May 12 and ended October 21. The employees involved numbered about 147,500. The estimated total loss was \$20,210,000.

Building trades returns from 35 Canadian cities for a recent month indicate that employment decreased more than 42 per cent, as compared with the previous month, and over 46 per cent, as compared with the same month in 1917.

The royal borough of Kensington, England, now maintains three communal kitchens, which serve excellent meals for 12 cents. The menu is: Soup, 2 cents; fishcakes, 4 cents; half-portion of potatoes and cabbage, 2 cents; corn flour mold, 4 cents.